

# Young - Friends' - Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONT., TENTH MONTH 1st, 1894.

NO. 19

## CHAPPAQUA.

A garden spot among the hills,  
Where peace and plenty, hand in hand  
Stood waiting, while the murmuring rills  
Joined voices with their Haviland,

In welcoming the happy throng ;  
And though the hour was late, the night  
So dark, a beacon light so strong  
Of love, shone out so clear and bright,

Illumined was the winding way.  
And even where the feast was spread,  
A feast for brain and soul, like day  
The same light over all was shed.

On every leaf a blessing hung ;  
Each blade of grass seemed rife to tell  
Of deeds of kindness all unsung,  
Unknown, save unto His, " 'Tis well."

Thus both without and in the tent,  
They tasted of this fruit divine ;  
The very air seemed redolent  
With goodness, and the peace sublime

Which passeth understanding ! Trees  
Of knowledge, without fruit of sin,  
And buds of pleasure among these,  
Without a touch of pain within.

Oh ! Chappaqua, thy memory takes  
New beauties from the touch of time ;  
Thy grandeur not in summit makes  
Its lasting impress, but sublime

In altitude of thought and deed,  
Approaching heaven so near. Thy beauty  
Immortal, sows a sovereign seed  
Whose light and life is love and duty.

SARAH WALN.

Davis, N. Y., 9th mo. 5, 1894.

## TO CHAPPAQUA MOUNT.

8TH MO. 3, 1894.

'Twas one of those mornings when  
the sun seems to hesitate to unveil to  
the world its beauty, but loves to linger  
behind a mist, covering the earth with  
a hazy gloom.

But light hearts see the cloud's sil-  
ver lining, and build high hopes on the  
pending day.

A little company of six Friends left  
their homes from around the quiet,  
peaceful country hamlet of Coldstream,  
to attend the First-day School, the Rel-  
igious and the Philanthropic Confer-  
ences to be held at Chappaqua.

After a pleasant fifteen-miles' drive  
through a fine farming country, past  
pretty and comfortable homesteads; in  
the still and cool of the morning, when  
the air is so fresh and invigorating,  
and the sun seems to creep from the  
horizon upward, they came to London,  
the "Forest City" of Canada. This is  
a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, one  
which is free from the crowd and  
rush of the cities of the East.

At 2.55 p. m. they took the trains to  
St. Thomas, a distance of about fifteen  
miles, and as knowledge seekers love  
to linger here and there, thus learning  
as they go, so these, although bent on  
the object of their journey, loved to  
pause by quiet little wayside stations,  
or in the din of a hurrying city throng,  
seeing now and then something amus-  
ing, entertaining or instructive, some-  
thing read of or imagined, but never  
seen or heard before.

In St. Thomas they remained for  
several hours, hospitably welcomed and  
pleasantly entertained at the home of  
and by Serena A. Minard.

The shadows of evening had fallen  
and the hours of the night were fast ap-  
proaching, when the little party took  
leave of their kind hostess, after ex-  
pressing their disappointment and re-  
grets that she could not join them,  
and hastened away. The moon and  
stars were hidden by clouds and an oc-  
casional drop of rain fell to the side-  
walk.

On entering the car of one of the  
Michigan Central Expresses, many a